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WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG.

BY

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

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Frontispiece

AND WITH SOLEMN MIEN AND SILENT
TAKES HER PLACE UPON MY KNEE

When the Heart is Young

By

William Wallace Whitelock

Illustrated by

Harper Pennington

New York
E. P. Dutton & Company
31 West Twenty-third Street
1902

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TO MY MOTHER,

WHO GAVE ME A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

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And with solemn mien and silent
Takes her place upon my knee . . . *Frontispiece*

No matter where I get, its eyes
Keep lookin' straight at me . . *Facing page* 4

On, on I flew, and close behind
A dragon snapped his jaws . . . *Page* 21

It ain't a-seein' Whoos, though, hurts,
It 's havin' them see you . . . *Facing page* 26

You stand before the clock, just so,
An' start right at the top . . . . *Page* 30

Little girl with but one dimple
Lurking in your satin cheek . . *Facing page* 32

Our football team was formed of those
Who averaged seven feet . . . *Facing page* 46

While as for jumping, Henry Spring
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And the sailing-boats he fashioned
Were a wonder and delight . . *Facing page* 60

An' so I had to get a stick,
An' sister got a hoe . . . . *Facing page* 64

A CHILD'S READING

Sitting, forgot by the world in its haste,
She finds what the world is questing,
Content with her book from morn till noon,
From noon till the sun is westing;
She takes no thought of the hours' flight,
For hers is the age abundant,
When days are long and filled with song,
And time is a gift redundant.

"The Prince was tall and his face was fair,
And his heart was gold straight through"—
'T is thus she reads on the magic page,
And she knows it must be true;
So forth they fare to the dragon's lair,
That he dare as a hero must;
But she knows no fear, for the Prince is near,
And hers is the age of trust.

Now, the dragon fierce from his gloomy cave
Comes forth with his flaming eyes,

But the Prince's sword doth pierce his heart,
And the wicked dragon dies;
Then the Prince leads home the lady fair
Who had pined in the tower above—
And the reader sighs as she dries her eyes,
For hers is the age of love.

THE EYES THAT FOLLOW YOU

We 've got the awfullest picture
That ever you did see;
No matter where I get, its eyes
Keep lookin' straight at me.
I hide behind the sofa,
An' I wait, an' wait — until —
Oh, dreadful long — but when I peep
They 're watchin' for me still.

The other afternoon, real late,
I crep' up to the door,
As soft as anythin', for they
Was carpet on the floor;
An' I peeked into the parlor,
Like Sister says she done,
But I found those eyes a-lookin',
An' I tell you but I run.

Now, Tommy Bell when he was here
He stood right over *there*,
An' crossed his heart that picture
Was lookin' at him square;

But I was standin' here, an' I
  Was watchin' of those eyes —
An' some day he 'll be sorry
  If he tells sech w'oppin' lies.

One night when Mother tucked me in
  She promised not to tell,
So I told her 'bout that picture,
  An' I told on Tommy Bell;
But Mother laughed an' said those eyes
  Just *seemed* to move to me —
But I mean to get a stick an' poke
  Those eyes myself an' see.

NO MATTER WHERE I GET, ITS EYES
KEEP LOOKIN' STRAIGHT AT ME

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART

She comes when day is over,
  And the evening sky is bright,
In the restful gloaming hour,
  When 't is neither day nor night;
And with solemn mien and silent
  Takes her place upon my knee;
Then she says, "Your little sweetheart
  Has come back again, you see."

She is very small, my sweetheart,
  And her eyes are deep and blue,
Like the skies of early summer,
  When the clouds are faint and few;
And she shakes her golden ringlets —
  Such a serious little miss —
And she says, "Your little sweetheart
  Has n't had her evening kiss."

So I kiss my little sweetheart,
  And I ask her if she still

Will prefer me to all others
When she 's further up the hill;
And she smiles and shows her dimples,
In an arch, coquettish way,
Ere she says, " I 'll be your sweetheart
When I 'm toothless, old, and gray."

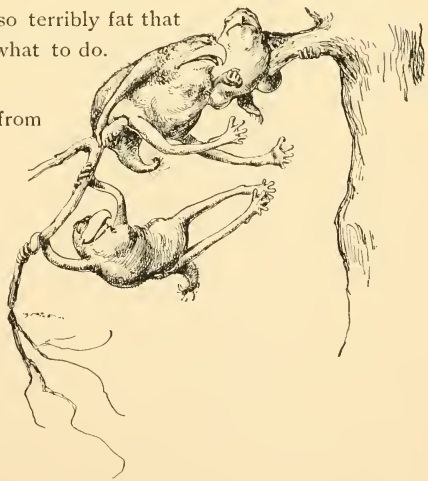
Ah, my dainty little sweetheart,
Would that you could still remain
Such a pure and lovely flower,
Like the violets after rain;
Would that time might hold no changes,
Little one, for such as thee,
That the gloaming hour might ever
Bring my sweetheart to my knee!

THE SONG OF THE LODTOPS

Give me your hand, O comrade, I am slipping from
off my perch,
For the Lodtop here on the other side keeps giving a
terrible lurch;
Oh, the curse of our race is this miserable fat, and the
running to avoirdupois,
Though it seems to have nothing whatever to do with
the eating of girls and boys;
I have eaten but thirteen boys this week, with portions
of maiden stew,
And yet I am getting so terribly fat that
I do not know what to do.

CHORUS

Oh, it 's *heigh* for a steak from
a jolly plump boy!
And it 's *ho* for him made
into duff!
Now, I find that the
good little boys are
the best,
For the bad little boys
they are tough.



Keep hold of my hand, O comrade, for if I should fall
to the ground,
I am sure I would burst with a loud report, and the
fragments would never be found;
But alas, I have five little Lodtops at home who 're de-
pendent on me for food,
And if I should burst who would bring them a boy or
a sweet little girl to be stewed?
I have grown so fat in my latter days that I only can
hide in the grass,
And grab at the heels of the girls and the boys as the
dear little innocents pass.

CHORUS

So it 's *heigh* for a steak from a succulent lad!
And it 's *ho* for a chop from a maid!
I 'll invite you all round to my house to sup
When the bluebells are heard in the glade.

THE MAN IN THE PHONOGRAPH-BOX

My Pa he is the funniest man
That ever you did see;
He 's always playing jokes on Ma,
And sometimes, too, on me;
He brings me lots of playthings,
Like soldiers, kites, and blocks,
But the finest thing of all, I think,
Is the man in the phonograph-box.

He brought him home the other night,
And then when tea was done,
He made him talk and laugh and sing —
I tell you it was fun! —

Till at last he hollered, " Let me out!
They 're hittin' me with rocks! "
And I thought I 'd die a-laughin'
At the man in the phonograph-box.

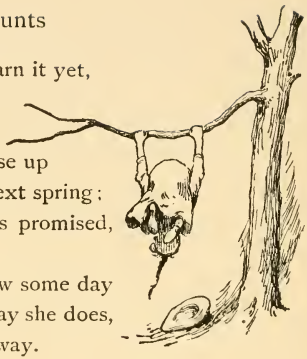
He said a piece of po'try called
" John Anderson, my jo,"
And then he sung a song about
The days of long ago ;
And Ma, who was a-settin' there
A-mendin' Father's socks,
She thought I did n't see her cry
At the man in the phonograph-box.

I tried to get a look at him,
So when Pa made him sing
I peeked down thro' his speakin'-toob,
But I could n't see a thing—
But I think it 's mean to keep him there
Shut in by bolts and locks,
And I 'm goin' to let him out some day,
That man in the phonograph-box.

DOING STUNTS

My Cousin Joe an' Sister Nell
An' Tommy Bell, what comes
To play with us an' spend the day
An' break my slates an' drums,
They all has got a lot o' stunts
That no one else can do,
An' says I ain't no good at all
'Cause I ain't got one, too.

Now, Sister Nell she skins the cat,
She does, an' Cousin Joe
He 's double-j'inted in his thumbs
An' in his right-hand toe;
But Tommy Bell 's the best of all—
He whistles thro' his teeth!
The other day he showed me how,
Out on the Jones's heath.



I ain't had time to learn it yet,
It 's hard as every-
thing,
But maybe if I practise up
I 'll learn it 'fore next spring;
An' Sister Nell she 's promised,
too,
She 'd teach me how some day
To skin the cat the way she does,
The double-action way.

You can't learn how to move your ears
Unless you 're born that way,
Nor how to throw your j'ints out,
Or make your back go sway;
But you can learn to cross your
eyes,
An' do the split, an' turn
Yourself all sorter inside out,
Like I 'm a-goin' to learn.

JOHNNY'S BILL OF FARE

My Pa an' Ma an' me we lives
  At Hotel Orange Bloom,
A place with illeevaters,
  An' a great big dinin'-room;
Our breakfuses we takes upstairs,
  At half past eight or nine,
But lunch an' dinner 's down below,
  An' I tell you but it 's fine!

At dinner-time there 's always soup,
  With clams or oysters first,

An' then a printed bill o' fare,
Enough to make you burst;
There 's duck an' turkey, beef an' pork,
An' veg'tables—oh, my!—
In little dishes round your plate,
An' seven kinds of pie!

There 's nuts an' raisins, grapes an' figs,
An' cocoanuts that 's tough,
An' all the things a feller likes
But never gets enough;
There 's floatin' island, apple tarts,
An' puddin's all a-steam;
There 's junket, cake, an' ginger-bread —
But the best of all 's ice-cream!

I don't care much fer oysters,
An' clams I think is vile,
An' soup is one of these here things
That people eats fer style;
Though meats an' veg'tables is good,
They takes up too much room,
So I goes slow till dessert comes
In the Hotel Orange Bloom.

Now, Pa he is a broker,
An' his head is filled with stocks,

An' Ma she 's always thinkin'
Of her hats an' cloaks an' frocks ;
So no one pays attention
To what I eat or do,
An' when the waiter's back is turned
I stuffs my pockets, too.

I 've got a closet in my room
Where no one else can spy,
An' there I hides the things I takes,
An' eats them on the sly ;
But lately I has felt right queer —
I think it 's called the " chronic " —
An' lost my appetite—I guess
I need some sort o' tonic.

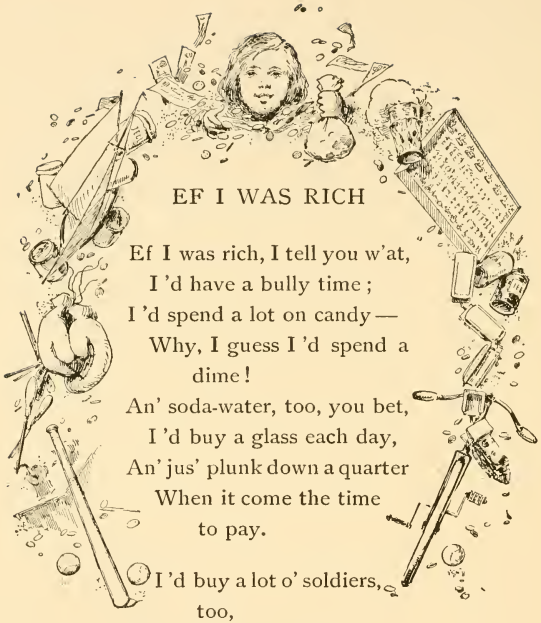
SNOOTY-POOTY

"Are you Mother's snooty-pooty?"
Mother often asks at night,
When we 've got the knots undided
And I 'm tucked in snug and tight;
"Are you Mother's snooty-pooty?"—
But I shake my head just so,
An' make out I 'm not her snooty,
Though of course I am, you know.

Then she makes believe she 's cryin',
An' she sobs likes everything,
An' she says: "My snooty-pooty
Must have gone away last spring!"
Then I cry: "Oh, no, he did n't!
Here he is!" an' hug her tight;
An' she says: "Why, snooty-pooty
Must have come back home last night!"

Then I make her tell a story
All about some prince or king,

Or she 'll sing "Sweet Annie Laurie"—
You just ought to hear her sing!—
Then she says: "Now, snooty-pooty,
One more kiss, an' off to sleep!"
An' I close my eyes, an' promise
I won't let her snooty peep.



EF I WAS RICH

Ef I was rich, I tell you w'at,
I 'd have a bully time;
I 'd spend a lot on candy —
Why, I guess I 'd spend a dime!
An' soda-water, too, you bet,
I 'd buy a glass each day,
An' jus' plunk down a quarter
When it come the time to pay.

I 'd buy a lot o' soldiers, too,
Like Cousin Joe has got,
An' then it would n't matter much
Ef one or two got shot,
An' lost their heads an' arms an' legs,
An' could n't go to war —
For when a feller 's rich, you see,
He goes an' buys some more.

I' d have a boat with sails an' things,
An' p'r'aps a train o' cars;
An' all the kinds o' jelly w'at
Comes put up tight in jars,
An' always stays locked up, so 's you
Can't never get a bit,
Excep' when big folks comes around
An' eats mos' all of it.

I 'd get a pair o' boxin'-gloves,
A turnin'-lathe an' tools;
An' picter-books, but not the kind
You sees at Sunday-schools;
An' ef they tried to make me go
To school through rain or shine,
I would n't go a step, no, sir,
I 'd ruther pay the fine.

P'r'aps I 'd get a bike, beside,
Ef I was *awful* rich;
An', oh, a baseball, too, the kind
That really players pitch;
An' then I 'd get a — well, let 's see,
I can't tell all I 'd do —
But Pa an' Ma should have their share,
An' Sister Nellie, too.

A PIEBALD TRIP

The other night I ate some pie,
  And when I went to bed
I tumbled down a flight of steps,
  And landed on my head.

The ground gave way and let me through,
  The wind rushed past my ears;
I plunged into a boiling sea,
  And sunk for nineteen years.

At last when nearly out of breath
  I reached the other side,
And tumbled into endless space,
  So cold I nearly died.

On, on I flew, and close behind
  A dragon snapped his jaws;
In vain I tried to recollect
  Sir Isaac Newton's laws.

ON, ON I FLEW, AND CLOSE BEHIND
A DRAGON SNAPPED HIS JAWS

A comet suddenly appeared,
I shot across its tail,
And scared the salamanders so
They turned from red to pale.

A sufferer from prickly heat,
I, scratching, onward sped,
But caught by chance a shooting-star,
And landed in my bed.

SUSAN'S BAD LANGUAGE

She 's a funny little creature, and she chatters like a daw,
In a language meant for English, disregarding ev'ry law;
And it makes her, oh, so angry, when I say "Now, Susan, please
Try to speak the English language — you are speaking Susanese."

"Ith a-thpeakin' pwoppa English," she declares, with flashing eyes,
"An' I athed where Dolly goes to when her 's tathen thick an' dies"—
"I would give you answer, Susan," I reply, "and be most glad,
But I cannot understand you, for your language is so bad."

JOHNNY'S CONSCIENCE

I 've got the funniest feelin'
  When I bin bad, right *here;*
It ain't a pain exactly, but
  It certainly feels queer;
I 'm sure it ain't my stummick, though,
  For that it 's up too high—
A sorter chokin', 's though I 'd eat
  Too big a piece of pie.

Now, Mother calls it "conshince," an'
  She says that it 's put there
To tell me when I 'm naughty, like
  When I 've pulled Sister's hair;
But I don't need no "conshince"
  To tell me that, for she
Goes tells my Pa, an' you can bet
  He 'presses it on me.

I wish, though, I was made without
  A "conshince," so 's I jes'

Could have the finest sorter time,
  An' would n't have to 'fess ;
But my ! I 've got a great idea —
  I 'll swaller it some day ! —
But say, it 's dangerous ef you don't
  Just know the proper way.

WHOOS

A whoo is something like a spook —
  At least, that 's what they say —
But whoos don't have to go get dead,
  Like spooks—they 're born that way.
I 've never seen a whoo myself,
  But once I met a girl
W'at seen a whoo, and ever since
  Her hair refused to curl.

It ain't a-seein' whoos, though, hurts,
  It 's havin' them see you,
For when you once has met their eyes,
  There 's nothin' you can do ;
Some people has a fit, an' some
  Jus' turns a yaller-green,
An' skinny folks they gets all fat,
  An' fat folks they gets lean.

There ain't no rule, though, 'bout the way
  It acts on folks, for I

IT AIN'T A-SEEIN' WHOOS, THOUGH, HURTS,
IT 'S HAVING THEM SEE YOU

Once heard about a boy w'at lost
His appetite for pie
Through seein' whoos, an' Sister knows
A girl w'at met one once,
An' now she can't learn how to spell,
She 's pretty near a dunce.

You never meet a whoo by day,
But when the sun has set,
An' all the trees is spooky, an'
The grass with dew is wet ;
An' when you hear the death-watch rap,
An' all the woods is still —
Why, that 's the time the whoos come out
An' wander on the hill.

I ain't so much afraid o' spooks,
Because you never see
A spook when other folks is round,
They don't like company ;
But whoos is diff'rent, for you can't
Tell when you 'll meet a whoo —
You 're never safe except in bed,
With your head all covered, too.

MY AUNT

I 've got a aunt w'at is a aunt,
The kind you read about;
She don't keep sayin', "No, you
can't!"
An' "Johnny, now get out!"
She just turns to and helps you
get
Whatever you may need —
She 's just about all right, you bet,
The best you ever seed.

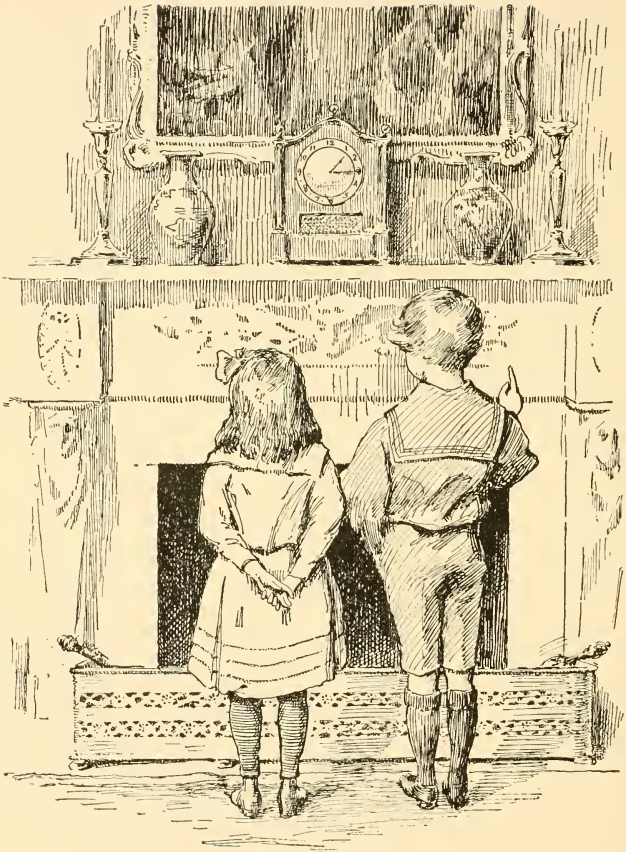
An' then, you see, when I been
bad,
Like fellers must sometimes,
She don't go get all hot an' mad,
An' talk about your "crimes";
But she just keeps me 'way from Ma,
An' talks 'bout other things,
An' says she 'll make it right with Pa —
I guess she 'll soon have wings.

HOW TO TELL THE TIME

I 've just learned how to tell the time,
My Mother teached me to;
An' ef you think you 'd like to learn,
I guess I might teach you;
At first, though, it 's as hard as fun,
An' makes you twist an' turn,
An' Mother says that they is folks,
Big folks, w'at never learn.

You stand before the clock, just so,
An' start right at the top,
That 's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach
The little hand you stop;
Now, that 's the hour, but you 've got
To watch what you 're about,
Because the hardest part 's to come,
To find the minutes out.

You go right back again to where
You started from, an' see



YOU STAND BEFORE THE CLOCK, JUST SO,
AN' START RIGHT AT THE TOP

How far the minute hand 's away,
Like this — you 're watchin' me? —
An' when you 've found the minute-hand
You multifly by five,
An' nen you 've got the time o' day,
As sure as you 're alive.

They 's folks, I know, w'at says that they
Don't have to count that way,
That they can tell by just a glance,
At any time o' day;
But I don't b'lieve no fibs like that,
Because ef that was true
My Ma would know it, but she showed
Me like I 'm showin' you.

REVERSAL

When I was just a little lad,
Ere ever a care I knew,
And the ship of my daily sailing
Was manned by a fairy crew;
When life was still a wondrous thing,
And I had n't discovered its flaws —
I 'd dream in the night of monsters
And terrible things with claws.

But now that I have older grown,
And life is mostly care,
And I find that unmixed laughter
Is not to be my share —
The dragons and the monsters
Are only met by day,
And I have to wait till dream-time comes
To see the fairies play.

LITTLE GIRL WITH BUT ONE DIMPLE
LURKING IN YOUR SATIN CHEEK

LITTLE GIRL WITH BUT ONE DIMPLE

Little girl with but one dimple
  Lurking in your satin cheek,
Lurking there to take me captive,
  Tho' you look demurely meek;
In your lap your hands are folded,
  And your truant eyes cast down,
While your dainty feet are hidden,
  Slyly peeping from your gown —
'T is a picture sweetly simple,
  As of some uncloistered nun —
Smile again and show your dimple,
  I am captive, dearest one.

Little girl with but one dimple,
  I am glad you have not two,
For I needs must love the other,
  Since it would belong to you;
But I have no love to spare it,
  All is given, I confess,
And to love the second I should
  Have to love the first one less.

Little maid, you need no wimple,
You are my uncloistered nun —
Smile again and show your dimple
To your captive, sweetest one.

JOHNNY'S THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

The other day I had a pain
From eatin' Christmas pie
On July Fourth, it hurt so bad
Indeed, I thought I 'd die;
I lay and wriggled on the floor,
And swore to Sister Nell

That I would be a better boy
Ef ever I got well.

But while I squirmed and rolled about,
Why, Mrs. Jones come in,
And when I told her I was sick,
She said such talk was sin;
She stuck me down, I only *thought*
That I was sick—but I
Know better, for I guess
She did n't eat that pie.

The way that some folks come around,
An' tell you you 're not sick,
An' close their eyes, and "treat" you, while
They mumble things off quick,
Is just enough to make you think
You 'd rather bust in two
From Christmas pies, than have no sense
Like this here treatin' crew.

TRAVELLING

I sit upon the sandy shore,
  And dream myself across the sea;
The morning 's spent in Singapore,
  The afternoon in Barbary.

The time is short for all the sights,
  The mosque, bazar, and fezzes red;
'T is best of all, they say, of nights,
  But that 's the time that I 'm in bed.

From shop to shop I stroll along,
  And make a purchase now and then;
I get the things for just a song,
  And hand them to my dragomen,

Who walk a pace or two behind,
  And never speak unless addressed —

It 's quite impossible to find,
You know, such servants in the West.

At noon I take a cup of that
Delicious coffee which you get
At Singapore, and have a chat
With any friends whom I have met.

And then I usually depart
For Barbary, Tangiers, or Spain;
It does n't matter when I start —
I do not have to make the train.

If Barbary should be the place
I 've chosen for the afternoon,
I go to see the camel-race,
Or fishing in the big lagoon.

Although, to tell the truth, of late
The crocodiles have grown so bold
They 've swallowed all the hooks and bait —
They really make my blood run cold.

I 've told the Khedive, so, no doubt,
He 'll get his hunters from the plain
And have the crocodiles cleaned out
Before I come to fish again.

I think, though, we had better try
The camel-race this time — but stay!
My Mother 's calling me — good-by!
Perhaps we 'll go some other day.

THE BOY-EATER

My Uncle Sam 's a dangerous man,
He is, he 's big and stout,
An' when he comes around you 've got
To watch w'at you 're about;
For ef you don't, first thing you know,
You don't know nothin', for
He grabs you by your pants, an' h'ists
You 'way up off the floor.

He 's got a solemn sort o' look,
As tho' he hated fun,
An' had n't any use for boys,
An' could n't up an' run;
"Now, look a-here," he says, "you jus'
Had better let me be,
I 'm great on eatin' boys "—an' nen
He makes a grab for me.

He never yet has caught me, but
I 'm not a-riskin' that,
For when you fools with cannybells
You don't know where you 're at;
So when he blows his cheekses out,
An' hunger lights his eye,
I does w'at missionaries don't,
I jus' bids him good-by.

But t' other day, I tell you w'at,
He almost catched me, for
I 'd been a-teasin' him, an' slipped
Before I reached the door;
He tumbled over me, gee-w'op!
The house near busted in —
Ef he 'd a-landed on me, say,
I wonder where I 'd been!

I had n't any time, though, then
To think about such things,
But up I jumped an' flew around
The table 's though I 'd wings;
An' followin' close behin' he comes,
A-reachin' for my jacket,
An' puffin' like a train o' cars —
We made a awful racket!

I never ran so fas', but he
Got hold my roundabout,
An' thought he had me, too, but I,
Jus' quickly wriggled out,
An' lef' him holdin' of my coat,
An' gaspin' there for breath —
An' that was all that saved me then,
I guess, from sudden death.

SLEEPY TIME

My Ma she says the mornin' is
  The bestest time o' day,
Because it is the time to work,
  An' not the time to play;
But that 's the very reason I
  Don't like the mornin', for
I 've got to go to school and sit
  From nine o'clock till four.

On Saturday it ain't so bad,
  But it so seldom comes
I never seem to get no rest
  From Geography an' sums;
So ev'nin' is the time I likes
  The best of all the day,
When all the lamps is lighted, an'
  The supper 's cleared away.

I sets an' thinks about the games
  I 'll play with Tommy Bell,

Of Christmus time, an' Christmus gifts,
An' fairy tales, as well;
An' all the stunts I means to do
Next winter on my sled —
But then before I knows it, why,
I 'm sound asleep in bed.

Now, Pa he says that little folks
Must sleep a lot, but say,
It seems to me that big folks has
A greater need, for they
Is just so big it takes a lot
Of sleep to go around —
Like Pa, who 's over six foot tall
An' weighs two hundred pound.

An' so, I 'se goin' to keep awake
This evenin' ef I die,
I 'se got a way to do it, too,
A way I means to try;
For when the dustman comes around
I 'll close my eyes, so 's he
Can't fill 'em full o' sleepy dust,
An' make me sleepy — see?

PANTS

When I stayed up till nine o'clock
The first time in my life,
I thought that I was old enough
To get myself a wife;
I told my Ma I would n't wear
Those horrid, nasty kilts,
And when she made me pants I felt
As tall as though on stilts.

But oh, since then I 've had enough
Of staying up at night:
To get to bed at nine o'clock 's
My dream of pure delight;
And as for pants, I wish that they
Had never been invented —
I 've never seen a " panted " one
Who really was contented.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS"

Yes, yes, my son, I have no doubt
  They 're wonderful, these boys
Who play at football, hockey, quoits,
  With such astounding noise;
No doubt they 're heroes just as great
  As any Homer sung —
I only say, you should have seen
  The boys when I was young.

Our football team was formed of those
  Who averaged seven feet,
And every one a Hercules
  In every way complete;
While each could run a hundred yards
  In seven seconds flat,
Altho', of course, the "backs," you know,
  Were fleeter far than that.

To get upon our baseball nine
  You had to throw a ball

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM WAS FORMED OF THOSE
WHO AVERAGED SEVEN FEET

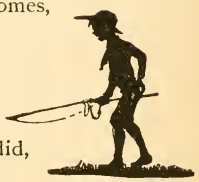
Three hundred yards, tho' many held
That nothing much at all;
And many a time I 've seen the ball
When batted go so high
The batter made a home-run first
Before they caught the "fly."

And hockey — well, we 'd skate so fast
You could n't see our feet;
While as for jumping, Henry Spring
Jumped right across the street—
No, no, I don't dispute the fact
You boys are mighty fine,
But then, of course, you did n't know
The boys of '59.

ROUND 'BOUT CHRIS'MAS TIME

Aunt Nan she says I 'm always good,
An' Pa says: "Yes—asleep"—
An' Ma she don't say nothin', but
Her eyes they says a heap;
An' I—well, I keep sorter quiet,
An' try to look serblime—
But you jus' bet I 'm good as gold
Round 'bout Chris'mas time.

At other times it 's hard as fun
To do jus' what you 're told,
An' like to get up early, an'
Be thankful when they scold;
But somehow, when December comes,
An' hazel-nuts is prime,
I get so good I nearly die,
Round 'bout Chris'mas time.



I onct played hookey,—yes, I did,
An' went a-fishin' too,

WHILE AS FOR JUMPING, HENRY SPRING
JUMPED RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET

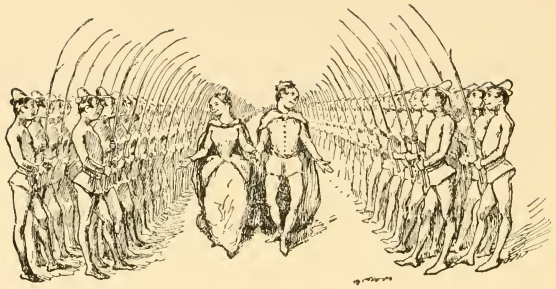
An' wished next day I had n't 'fore
The principal got through;
But that was 'way last May that I
Committed of that crime—
I don't play hookey now, no sir!
Round 'bout Chris'mas time.

THE MAN THAT WAKES ME UP

I tell you w'at, I love my Pa,
I love him mos' as much as Ma;
He 's awful good to me, an' brings
Me lots o' toys an' kites an' slings;
An' t' other day, as sure as fate,
He brought me home a tarrier pup —
I love my Pa, but oh, I hate
The man that mornin's wakes me up!

My Pa he takes me fishin', too,
When he 's got nothin' else to do;
I ketched a catfish, too, one day,
Though half-way out he got away;
But Pa said I might count him, though,
An' somethin' 'bout the "lip an' cup" —
I dearly love my Pa, but oh,
I hate the man that wakes me up!

I 'm always hearin' 'bout the ant
W'at gets up early, but I can't
See w'at that 's got to do with me —
I ain't no ant, as I can see ;
I 'm just a boy w'at likes to lie
  Abed until it 's time to sup —
Of course I love my Pa, but I
  Don't love that man that wakes me up.



THE TITTYPOOS

Deep, deep in the heart of the ancient wood
Is the home of the Tittypoo folk,
And there in the midst of the forest dim
They labor and laugh and joke;
They rise with the sun, and they go to bed
When the sun has sunk from sight,
But the rest of the time they work and work,
And they sleep like a top all night.

Now, the Tittypoo tribe is a bow-legged tribe,
And they 're all of the very same size,
A foot and a half is the height of each,
And they all have identical eyes;
So a Tittypoo can't tell himself apart,
And a name is an unknown thing,

Save Tittypoo-La, who 's the queen of the tribe.
And Tittypoo-Loo, the king.

The main occupation of Tittypoo land
Is working for Santa Claus,
Who gives out his contracts on New Year's day,
In worsted all worked on gauze;
"Ten million of kites, and a billion of sleds,
And a trillion or so of drums,"
Is the way that he orders his goods, you know,
To be ready when Christmas comes.

So the Tittypoos get out their hammers and saws,
And they hammer and saw away,
In a deathly fear they may be too late
For the coming of Christmas day;
And they work so fast with their hammers and saws
That they always are thro' by June,
And they cry, "Oh, why did we hurry so,
For now we are done too soon!"

In a desperate state they bustle around
To find some work to do,
And they clean up the forest for miles and miles
And weep when they are through;
And they say, "What a pity some boys are bad,
For were they all good as pie,

Our contracts with Santa Claus then would call
For a very much larger supply."

Now, a Tittypoo's heart it is tender and kind,
And there 's nothing he hates except
The greedy band of the Lodtops, and
In catching them he 's adept ;
For when he espies a Lodtop he
Esteems it a regular treat,
And carefully crawls to a point where he
Can tickle the Lodtop's feet.

Now, the Lodtop's feet are so ticklish that
When they 're tickled he catches his breath,

And he laughs and he laughs and he laughs so long
That he laughs himself to death ;
Then the Tittypoo dances around his foe,
And he cries, " I have killed him dead !
He has eaten his last little girl or boy ! "
Then he cuts off the Lodtop's head.

So *hurrah* for the Tittypoo folk ! I say,
Who live in the forest dim ;
May each of the Tittypoos 'spy to-day
A Lodtop and tickle him ;
And I only wish that the Whoos had feet,
For the Tittypoos, then, — who knows ? —
Might tickle the feet of the Whoos, as now
They tickle the Lodtops' toes.

TWO WISHES

"I Wish I Was a Man!"

So, thou wouldst be a man, my boy,
  Wouldst change thy happy lot
For one that is so full of care
  Of which thou knowest not?

Thou 'dst have thy merry, merry heart
  Forget the song it sings,
And lose the laughter from thy soul
  That bears it up on wings?

Thou 'dst leave the springtime heights of play,
  And seek the barren plain
Where burdened folk, with weary feet,
  Pass on the road of pain?

Thou 'dst give thy castles in the air
  For some poor hut on earth,
And learn, reality and dreams
  Have not an equal worth?

Thou 'dst be a man, a mighty man?
And I would be a boy —
I 'd give thee all my strength, if thou
Couldst give me half thy joy.

JOHNNY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus: — I wish you 'd bring,
To fill my stocking, Christmas night,
A bike, a sled, some books, a swing,
A phonograph and six-foot kite.

THE SONG HE SHOULD HAVE SUNG

"I would I were a careless child!"
Sang Byron many years ago,
Forgetful of the punishments
That careless children undergo:
A brand-new hat without a brim,
A party suit all torn and ripped,
A hoop on which dear Father steps —
And lo, a careless child is whipped!

Those Monday lessons still unlearned,
A pressing errand quite forgot,
A trembling home-returning — these
Make sad the envied careless lot.
Indeed, the poet quite forsakes
The narrow path of painful truth,
And fails to point the moral for
The erring steps of careless youth;
Had he but grasped his mission high,
As guide to those by sin beguiled,
He would have sung the nobler song:
"I would I were a *careful* child."

THE MAN WHO LOVED THE CHILDREN

He was just a good-for-nothing,
An encumbrance to the earth,
And there seemed no slightest semblance
Of a reason for his birth;
He was lazy, old, and shabby,
And the work that he had done
In his life you might have crowded
In the time from sun to sun.

He would sit around and idle
When he knew at home the larder
Was empty — 't was the period
When he seemed to loaf the harder;
So his angry wife had left him,
Many years before my song,
And the neighbors said they wondered
She had stuck it out so long.

He was lazy, old, and shabby,
And his friends were very few,

AND THE SAILING-BOATS HE FASHIONED
WERE A WONDER AND DELIGHT

But he loved the children dearly,
And the children loved him, too;
And although he would n't labor
In the ordinary way,
For a little man or woman
He would work the livelong day.

He could make a bow and arrow
That would shoot 'most out of sight,
And the sailing-boats he fashioned
Were a wonder and delight;
And he told the finest stories,
While he whittled at his work,
Of gorillas, wolves, and grizzlies,
And the wars against the Turk.

So when he died the children
Wept as though their hearts would break,
And I 'm sure he 's gone to heaven,
If it 's only for their sake.
He was lazy, old, and shabby,
And a ne'er-do-well, I know,
But the Judge above is lenient —
And he loved the children so.

WHEN THE NOSE IS COLD

When I wake up at night to find
  My nose has got a chill,
With all the symptoms well defined,
  And growing colder still,
I do not leave my nice warm bed,
  To light the fire and freeze my toes —
I simply cover up my head,
  Thus covering up my nose.

Oh, it is sad to think of all
  The noses that are cold
Throughout the land, both large and small,
  Of every shape and mould ;
I pity all, for 't is a sin,
  But most I pity those
Who have no covers warm wherein
  To thaw a freezing nose.

THE HUNT FOR THE DRAGON

The other day when Cousin Joe
An' me an' Sister Nell
Was playin' Injuns on the lawn,
Along comes Tommy Bell;
His eyes was poppin' out his head,
An' when he tried to speak
He could n't say a word at all,
But only give a squeak.

We thought he 'd seen a spook, for sure,
Or run across a Whoo,
Or met a Lodtop in the woods,
Or heard the big Garoo;
But 't was n't that, for when he 'd found
His tongue again, he sez:
"Our hired man has told me where
A really dragon ez!"

Now, Cousin Joe he gave a whoop,
An' Sister Nell says, "Oh!"

An' I jus' felt my heart go *thump*,
  An' then stand still, you know;
For hired men they is the ones
  That knows about such things
As spooks an' Lodtops, gnomes an' Whoos,
  An' dragons w'at has wings.

"Where is he? quick!" cried Cousin Joe;
  "We 'll go an' kill him dead,
An' then we 'll be Saint Georges, too,
  When we 've cut off his head!"
"Hooray!" I cried, an' waved my cap,
  "I 'll go an' dig his grave!"
But Cousin Joe he said, "Oh no,
  That ain't a-bein' brave."

An' so I had to get a stick,
  An' Sister got a hoe,
An' Tommy Bell he fetched a rake
  An' give to Cousin Joe;
An' for himself he had a sling —
  A awful big one, my! —
An' said he 'd shoot the dragon, when
  We 'd found him, in the eye.

"I 'll lead," says Tommy Bell, "an' you
  Can follow close behind;"

AN' SO I HAD TO GET A STICK,
AN' SISTER GOT A HOE

An' Cousin Joe he let him, too,
Because 't was Tommy 's find ;
An' Sister Nell she followed next,
An' I brought up the rear —
I was n't frightened, but somehow
My legs felt awful queer.

" All ready, march ! " cried Tommy Bell,
An' started double-quick
Toward the Jones's woods, an' I
Made ready with my stick
To poke it down the dragon's throat,
Or hit him on the head —
We had n't found him yet, but he
Was just as good as dead.

" No noise now," says Tommy Bell,
When we had reached the edge
Of Jones's woods; " perhaps he is
Right there behind that hedge ! "
An' so we crep' along real quiet
Until we 'd passed the spot,
When Tommy threw a stone to see
Ef he was there or not.

But nothin' moved, an' on we went
Along on toward the brook,

A-throwin' stones ahead of us
At ev'ry shady nook;
But suddintly, why, Cousin Joe
He cried out, "What is that?"
An' so 's to listen better I
Jus' laid myself down flat.

An' like the Injuns when they puts
Their ears close to the ground,
I heard a distant sorter throb,
A spooky kind o' sound;
But after 'bout a minute when
I kep' quiet as a lamb,
"Oh pshaw," cried Cousin Joe, "I guess
That 's Jones's water-ram!"

An' sure enough it was, so we
Took up the march again,
An' went on deeper in the woods,
Like brave King Arthur's men;
But say! 't was awful scary, though,
Jus' like a nightmare-dream,
You could n't hear a sound excep'
The tinklin' of the stream.

"Our hired man he said we 'd find
The dragon over there,

Beyond the pond," says Tommy Bell,
"Where Bennets found their mare
A-flounderin' in the bog — so ef
He has n't taken flight,
He mus' be there this moment, an'
He 'll have to stand an' fight."

Now, huntin' dragons when you 're still
A-playin' round the yard
Is 'bout as hard as kissin' games, —
An' they ain't very hard;
But when the dragon 's run to earth,
An' you or he must die,
Why, that 's the time you wish you 'd learned
In early youth to fly.

So when we heard from Tommy Bell
That we had reached his den,
I sorter wished we 'd brought along
Our two big hired men;
But wishin' did n't help, so on
We went, like we had done,
An' I caught Sister's dress to help
Her ef we had to run.

Without a word we crep' along
To where the bog begins,

An' there was brambles all around
To scratch you on the shins;
An' everywhere the bushes grew
So thick you could n't see
The dragon's hidin'-place at all,
Like darkest Afriky.

"Now steady, men," says Cousin Joe;
"I 'm goin' to throw a stone
To make him leave the bog an' come
Out here to fight alone."
With that he threw a great big rock,
An' *splash* we heard it fall,
An' then for 'bout a second we
Heard nothin' much at all.

An' then, oh my! the bushes' tops
Began to wave around,
An' from the dragon's den there come
A squidgy-squdgy sound —
"He 's comin' now!" cried Cousin Joe;
"Stand fast!" cried Tommy Bell;
An' so 's to guard her better, I
Got back of Sister Nell.

About a minute passed, I guess,
While we was standin' so,

A-listenin' to our hearts go *thump*,
Jus' like a hammer's blow;
When such a awful howl there come
From out the dragon's den
I 'm certain that it would 'ave scared
Our two big hired men.

'T was loud an' long, an' sad an' slow,
A curdlin' sorter sound,
That made your knees go wobblin', like
A earthquake shook the ground;
An' Sister Nell she give a howl,
An' run with all her might,
An', as I' d come to guard her, I
Kep' hold her dress right tight.

We run an' run, till out of breath,
We could n't run no more,
An' then we walked until at last
We reached our kitchen door,
Where Cousin Joe an' Tommy Bell
Was playin' "Nero's Crime,"
An' tryin' t' make believe as if
They 'd been there all the time.

But jus' then up a horseman come,
An' asked our hired man

Ef he had seen a brindle cow,
All sorter white an' tan ;
Our hired man he scratched his head,
An' cried, " By Æsop's frog,
I heard a cow a while ago
Across in Jones's bog!"

MY LITTLE BOY

Good folks, I 've lost my little
boy,
With locks of curling brown,
And laughing eyes and dimpled
cheeks,
The sweetest boy in town ;
He came and stayed a while with me —
Oh, days without alloy ! —
Until he quite outgrew my care —
I 've lost my little boy !

The boy I have is big and strong,
And brave as brave can be,
And I am sure that in his heart
There still is room for me ;
He 's good and kind, and sent,
I know,
To be my pride and joy ;
But ah, my heart is often sad —
He 's not my little boy !

PICKING ON KIDS

I 've got no use for fellers w'at
  Go bullyin' little boys,
A-settin' on their stummicks, an'
  A-smashin' of their toys;
I used to do it onct myself,
  When I was only six,
But now I 'm big an' seven years
  I 've stopped those sort o' tricks.

Besides, I saw a feller onct
  W'at caught a little chap,
An' pulled his hair, an' pinched him, too,
  An' thought he had a snap;
But suddintly a great big boy
  He come up on a run,

An' walloped him to beat the band,
An' made him howl like fun.

You see, you never know w'at boys
Has got a brother, or
A cousin stayin' over night
You never seen before —
An' so I think it 's mean to pick
On kids w'at 's weak an' small,
An' can't defend themselves like men,
But just run home an' squall.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Oh, Christmas days of long ago,
  Can you not give one day to me,
One of your merry number back
  Just as it used to be?
'T is but a little time to spare
  From all the many-houred past,
That once was mine and now is yours,
  One day too sweet to last!
You would not miss it from your store,
  While I — ah, words are vain! —
And when the evening comes, you know,
  I 'll give it back again.

I 've given you so much, oh Past!
  My life, my love, and all beside,
Yet when I ask this simple boon
  I find myself denied;
It would not rob a single heart
  To have mine happy too,
To have the Christmas day come in
  Just as it used to do.

Then why not grant my childish wish,
Let me forget I 'm grown ! —
Alas, the past comes back again
In memory alone !

A KNOTTY QUESTION

" Please, Papa," asked my little girl,
" If we 've thermometers,
How does it come about that there
Are no therpopeters? "

AN EARLY BLOSSOM

Oh, she came one day in winter,
When the flowers were asleep,
Like an eager little blossom
That has come to take a peep,
And to see, before her sisters,
Whether Spring is at the door,
And to be the first to welcome
Robin Redbreast back once more.

So we called her little Daisy,
And we thanked dear God above
He had sent to cheer our winter
Such a dainty flower to love;
And we watched her grow and blossom
As the spring-tide passed away
From the land — but in our dwelling
It remained forever May.

But, alas, the May has left us,
And 't is always winter now;

L. of C.

There are other flowers in plenty,
  There are blossoms on the bough,
But the flower we loved and cherished
  Is beyond our hopes and fears,
And we cannot see the others
  For the blinding of our tears.

THE HURDY-GURDY

"Do You Love Me, Molly Darling?"—
To the time of "Get Your Gun"—
There is not an instant's pausing
When the tune has once begun;
"Sweet Marie" and "Annie Laurie"
Hasten wildly to get through,
To escape the frantic wooing
Of the dashing "Boys in Blue";
But the boys must all surrender
To the lone "High-School Cadet,"
Whose career in turn is ended
By "A Foolish, Fond Regret,"
While the sweet "Blue Bells of Scotland"
Ring out "Daisy Bell's" bike marriage,

And Mascagni's "Intermezzo"
Ushers in "Our Baby-Carriage"—
Madly reels the brain, and reason
Totters on her narrow throne;
Rushing madly to the window,
"Go!" you murmur with a groan;
Then you halt, "The Suwanee River"
Rises upward to your ear,
Or some other simple ditty
That in childhood's days was dear;
And you close your eyes to listen,
While the music floods your soul,
And the clouds of sad experience
Backward from the vision roll;
All forgot the dreary present,
All forgot its griefs and fears,
For the hurdy-gurdy's music
Has wiped out a score of years.

THE DEAREST ONE

I love the ways of sunny France,
The tender song, the joyous dance,
The vine-clad hills 'mid verdant leas,
Through which the rivers seek the seas;
The rippling laugh, the roguish glance—
Ah yes, I love thee, merry France.

And Germany, where music sprang
Anew to life, where poets sang,
And Romance quivered into birth,
I love thee, too, I know thy worth;
Here drinks the soul at learning's spring
While wandering students gaily sing.

And Italy, the home of art,
And Spain, proud Spain, with broken heart;

And England, too, where freedom grew —
I love them all, the brave, the true,
For happy hours beneath their skies,
For memories of smiles and sighs,
For songs of love since love began —
But ah, my heart 's American !

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